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## Dora The Red

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### Chapter 1 by Melotoxin

Summary:

Dora, a rare red fairy, must find her father, the Red Knight, who is the last fairy alive that has the magic power to open the Gates of Deloris. Fifty years ago, the slave races, the Orcs, Trolls, Fairies, Elves were forced into the slums of Old Kris by the Dwarf and Human races. Old Kris is a barren wasteland with tainted earth that cannot grow food easily and hardly any water or rain. Many starve from lack of nutrition. The buildings are shabby and poorly constructed from whatever materials that could be found. Outside of farms nothing grew, not even grass to walk on. Dora's father left 20 years ago, before Dora was born, to find an exit from the magical prison of Old Kris. However, many of the races of Old Kris went to war while he was away, killing off all the fairies, except for Dora and hopefully, Dora's father. Now Dora must find the key to the Gates of Deloris that she believes her father to have, so they can be freed from the hell hole of Old Kris, not just for her sake, but for all who suffer there.

Chapter 1:

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and argue with themselves. They were small creatures, half the size of a Dwarf, which was half the size of a Fairy or a Human and Humans and Fairy were half the size of Orcs. Trolls in Old Kris couldn't compete for jobs against the mammoth Orcs, and they weren't as smart as the Elves. They were the discarded minority of Old Kris, and had become synonymous with failure and misery. Dora didn't pity them, she was far too busy pitting herself.

"Madam, Madam Dell!"

"Silence child. We've not got time for chitter-chatter. We are not to be seen."

Dora hunched down, "But Madam, there's a troll behind us, he's been following quite a ways."

Madam Dell, waved her hand, dismissing the notion, "Who'd believe a troll, hmm? Nobody I'm sure." Madam Dell's voice was crinkled as an old woman's should be. Her hair, what little she had left, stuck up in wavy tufts atop her green head. Her skin had age spots from her scalp to her toes, and her thick glasses rested in a groove along her long, pointed nose. She stood at half the height of Dora and was twice as round in girth.

"Madam, how can you say that when you yourself are a—"

Madam Dell, stopped in her tracks and turned about with a snap, "Now you be quiet, you hear, we don't talk about that matter. Not now, not ever. Now shush child, shush, we've got much to do and much too little time to do it."

Dora nodded obediently, and went back to following her adopted mother wherever she had to go. The streets at dark were a dangerous place. Orcs and rouge elves littered the corners of the streets with noise and violence, but tonight was different. The streets were quiet and unnerving. Dora followed Madam Dell to an odd, dilapidated building with a wooden sign nailed to the side of the wall from a short pole. It swung back and forth in the subtle breeze, creaking loudly in the silence. It said, "Elmer's" in the common dialect, not that Dora could read it. Madam Dell dusted away at her blouse and dress, cleared her voice, straightened her back, though it

was hunched forward, and knocked on the door twice. Dora could hear the sound of shuffling chairs, grunts and muffled voices. Madam Dell unlocked the door.

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In deep, grumbled voice, she  
"Who have you come to see?"

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"I'm here for my book, the one that he took, the one that nobody needs," Madam Dell's words had a rhythm to them, and Dora quickly realized they must be a password of sorts.

The Orc grumbled, closed the door, and grumbled some more before reopening the crack and peeking through, "He's not here. Go away."

Madam shook her head, and grabbed the door, pulling it open and walking right in. "Elmer, I won't be ignored, not this time! You come out here Elmer and you come out here now!"

Dora was shocked. The Orc seems frightened of little old Madam Dell, and backed away from the door, letting her through into the room. It appeared to be a bar for Orcs. Large chairs, huge mugs, glasses scatter about and extremely dirty floors and walls, it was an Orc's paradise. From the back room more muttering and shuffling could be heard, until finally, a giant Orc opened the door and lowered his head to walk through the doorway. Behind him a small creature came out into the front room. He was just as old and wrinkled as Madam Dell. An old troll in a fancy suit fit for a king.

"Dell, my dear sister, what bring you here?"

"It's time we found Ernest. It's time we found the key."

The room fell silent, the shuffling and grumbling stopped and the whole world seems to stop spinning. Dora didn't know what the key was, but she knew her father's name when she heard it.

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Dora learns about her father and the key

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